



Charlotte Mason's House of Education,
Scale How, Ambleside, UK, 2009

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Social Sciences and Humanities
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OUR WORK.

The Annual Conference has been fixed to commence on May 10th, and will be continued on the mornings of the 11th, 12th and 13th. The annual address will be given by Rev. the Hon. E. Lyttelton, on "The Relation Between Physical and Moral Training," on Wednesday evening, May 11th. Further details will be announced as soon as possible. Local Secretaries are specially requested to note these dates.

Natural History Club, January, 1898.—The following arrangements have been made. The fee for membership will now be 2s. 6d. Members will receive a syllabus of a course of reading on Natural History, recommended for adults and for children, and suggestions as to collections for the Exhibition. The privilege of exhibiting, and of receiving the criticisms on the exhibits, will in future be limited to members of the Central and of Branch Natural History Clubs.

Courses of back Letters (by Mr. Rowbotham) on Botany, Geology, Lessons from our Walks, Natural History, etc., can now be had from Miss Blogg, at reduced prices. Letters issued in 1895 and 1896, 5s. the course; Letters issued in 1897, 2s. 6d. the course.

House of Education.—REPORT ON NATURE NOTE BOOKS. DECEMBER, 1897.—"I have received ten books this year (four in July and six in December) and place them thus:—*Class I.*—1, Miss A. M. Young; 2, Miss A. S. Moore; 3, Miss M. Page; 4, Miss M. Flower; 5, Miss E. A. Magill; 6, Miss N. C. Clark; 7, Miss Elsie Smith; 8, Miss H. Morony. *Class II.*—9, Miss E. M. Hartley; 10, Miss L. E. Beddoes. That the general standard of work in the House of Education Nature Note Books continues to rise is evident from the number of students who this year reach the first class, which is greater than it has ever before been. The character of the books is changing—the painting of flowers &c., continues good, but there are not so many of those first-rate portraits of plants which rendered some of the earlier books so attractive—in fact, the books are not so pretty to look at, but the work is much more thorough and more solid. We get now well thought out and carefully written summaries of the subjects taught in lectures, the subjects are more varied and better understood than formerly. (Signed) HERBERT D. GELDART, Thorpe Hamlet, 7th January, 1898."

REPORT OF NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY ON THE EXAMINATION ON DOMESTIC AND PERSONAL HYGIENE.—Passed with Distinction.—Miss K. I. Ross; Miss R. A. Pennithorne. Passed.—Miss E. Williams; Miss H. Moroney; Miss E. Smith; Miss E. Bevis; Miss L. M. Gore; Miss A. S. Moore; Miss E. A. Magill; Miss W. Armitage; Miss M. Butler; Miss E. M. E. Wilkinson; Miss E. C. Allen; Miss N. C. Clark; Miss M. Gayford; Miss E. Wingate; Miss G. M. Mackenzie; Miss A. Young; Miss E. Armitage; Miss H. M. Stubbs. Failed.—Three students.

BOOKS.

Other People's Lives, by R. Nonchette Carey (Hodder & Stoughton, 6/-). Miss Carey takes us to Sandilands, a pleasant Surrey village surrounded by fir-woods. A nice little spinster settles there, attracted by the beauty of the neighbourhood, and by degrees, every house in the village, rich and

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poor, discloses its story to the new-comer. One or two of the tales of true love are told in the sentimental strain more proper to the fifties than to the nineties. But there is careful work here and the characters are drawn with a firm hand. We think "Pen" and "Madam" especially good and conscientious studies. *Other People's Lives* is not *Cranford*, but, all the same, it affords pleasant and wholesome reading for a leisure hour.

Dariel, by R. D. Blackmore (Blackwood & Sons, 6/-). How good and pleasant it is to meet an old friend! Mr. Blackmore calls this a tale of a Surrey village, but even the Surrey village contains mysterious Kubla Khan kind of precincts, and we are spirited away to strange regions and in the Caucasus it is not for our ignorance to pronounce. An Eastern prince, Sûr Imar, and his daughter Dariel have settled themselves apparently without the knowledge of any neighbours, gentle or simple, in a decayed baronet, whose son, "Farmer Garge," does his best to keep things going. Of course, "Farmer Garge" sees and loves the Eastern nymph, and many vicissitudes happen. We have met the hero before, and we believe he was called Jan Ridd; surely too, we have met Grace Cranleigh before, with the self-same head of golden hair, but then she was called Grace Oglander. But what matter? These flitting recollections are pleasant to trace, and it is good to be amongst wholesome and kindly people; and we hardly know of any lullaby, more soothing to a weary brain than the rhythmic rise and fall of Mr. Blackmore's sentences. The author has, by the way, set himself to rehabilitate two classes of men whom most novelists treat with contumely. Here we have a stock-broker and a diamond dealer, not as the villains of the piece, but as honourable men and very pleasant. *Dariel* should be a nice birthday present for a mother, a tale to keep in the stocking-basket.

The Childhood and Youth of Our Lord, by Rev. J. Brough (John Murray). Mr. Brough has done a valuable piece of service, and has done it with a reverence and simplicity befitting his subject. The book is an attempt to realise the surroundings in which Our Lord grew up: the author feeling rightly that there is a great deal to be ascertained about the childhood of our Lord, by careful investigation of contemporary authorities. This volume represents a good deal of research. We have a list of thirty books consulted, but the result is put so simply that an intelligent child of ten or twelve would enjoy reading the book with his mother. The Home, First Lessons, School, Food, Recreation, Religious Duties, Work, Society, are among the subjects treated of. The following paragraph will give an idea of the author's reverent and suggestive manner:—"They drew Him aside, and Mary said, softly, for Him alone to hear, 'Son, why hast Thou thus dealt with us?' 'Son,' she calls Him (*τέκνον*); the word betrays something of maternal tenderness, but something, too, of her feeling that now He is indeed grown up. A pet name would have harmonized neither with the spiritual glow upon His face, nor with the wonderment in her own heart."

Niccolina Niccolini, by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* (Gardner, Darton & Co., 6/-) A new tale of Italian life, by the author of *Mademoiselle Mori*, is indeed a refreshment. We feel in safe hands and yield ourselves

to sunny living among simple folk. The author has as sympathetic a knowledge of Italian character and Italian ways as has Mr. Ruskin's friend, Francesca Alexander. "Lina" is a typical Italian child, quick in gratitude and resentment, in love and detestation, a very winning personality, thrown into relief against a shifting background of characters, more or less sombre. We leave Lina in training to be an artist like the father she has lost, and likely to marry "Gino" when they are both grown up.

The Ideal Life, and other Unpublished Addresses, by Henry Drummond (Hodder & Stoughton, 6/-). The two memorial sketches of Professor (Hodder & Stoughton, 6/-). The two memorial sketches of Professor Robertson Nicoll and "Ian Henry Drummond," written by Professor Robertson Nicoll and "Ian MacLaren," present us with a delightful personality. Whatever we may think of the author's literary work, we all must agree with Matthew Arnold's verdict (pronounced *re, Natural Law in the Spiritual World*), "what is certain is, that the author of the book has a genuine love of religion and a genuine religious experience." We can well understand the effect of his singular, personal charm; his eyes were wonderful, like a reach of a brown peaty burn, lit up by the sun. One felt inclined to say, "what yellow eyes," with a feeling that they held the golden light of childhood. We are not surprised to hear of the enormous circulation of the white and gold booklets; *The Greatest Thing in the World*, *The Changed Life*, &c., afforded new impulse in the Christian life to most of us. The author's larger, we cannot say more important works, *Natural Law in the Spiritual World*, and the *Ascent of Man*, will possibly have a more ephemeral life. This posthumous volume of addresses does not strike us as being quite up to the mark of the published pamphlets, but it is impossible for a man so in touch with the Divine, to write upon such subjects as, "To me to live is Christ," "The man after God's own heart," "What is God's Will?" without affording much food for the Christian life, which, says Dean Church, must be nourished by ideas and not merely excited by emotions. One illuminating thought we must venture to put in brief: writing of the things seen and things not seen, the things temporal and eternal, he says that each of us is acting as it were in a series of charades, and the spectators for the time being guess the word. Our behaviour, our acting, is the thing seen, the thing temporal; the thing not seen, but gathered by the lookers-on, is the eternal. One trembles to think what our most well-intentioned behaviour may spell in the eyes of the lookers-on. We act urbanity, and they read offensive patronage; we act due self-respect, and they read insufferable pride—

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us!"

Sir James Young Simpson and Chloroform, by H. Laing Gordon, M.D. (Fisher Unwin, 3/6). We congratulate Mr. Fisher Unwin and the editor, Dr. Ernest Hart, on the production of the series which they entitle "Masters of Medicine." It is a singular defect in the means of popular education, that hitherto, while we have had the lives of heroes and masters in every other profession, in a handy and popular form, no pains have been taken to cultivate a becoming gratitude to those unique benefactors of the race, the Masters of Medicine. The editor has done wisely in intrusting the subject of the present volume to Dr. Laing Gordon. The author tells us that he has collected his information from many sources, published or

otherwise, but he has envisaged his subject so successfully and so sympathetically that his work has the freshness and vividness of a memoir written by a personal friend. One has an idea that the life of an eminent medical man must contain many details forbidding in their dryness and in their remoteness from the lay mind, but there is hardly a dull page in the book, and most of it is quite delightful reading. Here we have one more peasant class, but one remove above it. Professor Simpson's father was the village baker. He was the seventh son, the harbinger of good luck to the family and the gifted child, to launch whom into the professional world was the business of the rest. And nobly they did it. He was a great man and a great physician long before the discovery by which he will be always known to the world, and a great physician is a great personage. Here is Dr. Gordon's account of the scene which went on daily at his house:—"The daily scene at 52, Queen Street, was now unique. Those who had the fortune to lunch or breakfast in that hospitable house never forgot it. Statesmen, noblemen, artists, scientists, clergymen and politicians from various countries sat down together and entertained each other, or attempted to do so in their different languages. The host guided the conversation while he still glanced over the newspaper or some newly published book, and never failed by skilful leading to entice out of everyone the best knowledge that they possessed. With his quiet insight, he rarely failed in his estimate of character, but rapidly perceived even in a stranger where the conventional ceased and the real man began." But it is not his social success nor the charm of his personality that win our reverence for the great surgeon; it is his chivalric devotion to his profession and his tender sympathy with suffering, and, especially with the sufferings of the poor. His great discovery was strictly the birth of a great pity. The cruelties of the surgeon's knife were intolerable to him and his pursuit of an anaesthetic was as steadfast and purposeful as ever was a millionaire's pursuit of gold. Well may Dr. Gordon quote on his title-page Emerson's saying that, "When nature has work to be done, she creates a genius to do it," though we should prefer Coleridge's version of the same thought,—that such an one is prepared by "a higher Power than nature herself."

A Doctor of the Old School, by Ian MacLaren (Hodder & Stoughton, 2/6). "For many years I have desired to pay some tribute to a class whose service to the community was known to every countryman. . . . a profession whose charity puts us all to shame." We greet our old friend William McLure, the doctor of Drumtochty, in his new and becoming dress. Probably no character in "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush" has impressed us all as a life study in whom we recognise familiar traits so much as this of the village doctor, for have we not all known doctor or doctors who have been like nursing fathers to their patients? and in rendering our tribute of reverence to McLure, we bear these others in mind. Mr. Gordon's most sympathetic illustrations are a real pleasure.

The Laughter of Peterkin: A retelling of the old tales of the Celtic Wonder-world, by Fiona McLeod (Constable, 6/-) Peterkin's introduction to the fairy world and his gleeful laughter are charmingly imagined and told, and the tale of his awakening ends with a graceful epilogue. "In

these first fragments of Peterkin's experiences, all his life was foreshadowed. Wonder, delight, longing, laughter—the four winds of childhood,—these blew for him through his first few years, through childhood and boyhood and youth." He is a man now we are told, and his mind is a storehouse of all that is most beautiful and marvellous in the Celtic Wonder-world. Of the tales of old time which he loved, none pleased him so much as those three familiar throughout Ireland and Gaelic Scotland,—the Four White Swans, the Fate of the Sons of Turem, and Darthool and the Sons of Usna. We are grateful to Miss Fiona McLeod for her graceful rendering of these three ancient Gaelic tales. She tells us that they have often been retold in prose and verse, but perhaps to her has been left the honour of presenting them in their sadness and their gladness to the children of the Sassenach. The illustrations by Sunderland Rollinson are "mystic wonderful," as befits the tales. An imaginative child would revel in this book, all the more that the tales are the legends of a people.

The Monkey that would not Kill. Stories by Henry Drummond. Illustrations by Lewis Wain (Hodder & Stoughton, 2/6). In a graceful preface, Lady Aberdeen tells us the origin of this little book: how Professor Henry Drummond helped the editors of *Wee Willie Winkie* (herself and her daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon) by writing a story to make up for a contributor who failed to send his copy. We commend this particular monkey to all the boys and girls of our acquaintance. What he goes through, what he does, and the nice wholesome nature he shows, are matters beyond belief if told in any words of ours. It takes Professor Drummond to enter into the spirit of the thing, and we find in this little book just one more cause of regret that we have lost a man who understood so well all the ins and outs of boys and men and monkeys.

Introduction to Standard Botany. Part I.—Flowering Plants (4th Edition), by D. H. Scott, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.S., &c., &c. Here the hard facts of plant life are all brought into relation with three well-known figures of the plant world—the Wallflower, the Madonna Lily, and the Spruce Fir. A lucid style and excellent diagrams facilitate the comprehension of the complicated processes of growth and reproduction; and tempt a student to read continually onwards. Though the author thinks that Natural Science should not be regarded as an easy subject, that it requires the use of brains as much as Euclid or Algebra, this little book is easier to follow in matters of the newest knowledge than some of the larger works.

Ancient Classics. Edited by the Rev. W. L. Collins, M.A. (Blackwood & Sons, 1/-). We have already said so much in praise of this edition of the *Ancient Classics for English Readers*, that we must content ourselves with short notices of the four volumes just received:—

Lucian, a very copious writer (born about A.D. 120), is less well known by English translations than other Greek dramatists. Mr. Collins has rendered some specimens of the "Dialogues of the Dead" with great spirit, and gives us a pleasing introduction to a sparkling and graceful author.

The Greek Anthology, by Lord Neaves. The Editor's introduction to the collection of poems by various authors, known as *The Greek*

Anthology, enlists our sympathies; it is pleasant to know that dark hours of both Dr. Johnson and Cowper were solaced and amused by these classic lyrics. The poems are arranged under various heads, such as sepulchral, literary and artistic, witty and satirical. Of the satirical *jeux d'esprit* this is a specimen:—

"Men die when the night-raven sings or cries:
But when Dick sings, e'en the night-raven dies."

Tacitus, by W. B. Doune. The historian Tacitus is known to us, not only by his history and his annals, but by his inspiring life of his father-in-law, Agricola, and for his graceful and enduring friendship with Pliny the younger. He laments that it did not fall to him to write the annals of heroic days, but he perhaps underestimates the interest to the reader of his own work. Mr. Doune's summary of the *Life of Agricola* is specially interesting to English readers in affording a glimpse into the manner in which the Government of Britain was administered by an able Roman general.

Plato, by Clifton Collins, M.A. We have no hesitation in saying that everyone who has not already made a more comprehensive study of the Dialogues, should make diligent use of this little manual. The scope and the drift of each dialogue is set forth with great ability; most of the translations are from Jowett. The progressive thought of mankind is forever vibrating between the two poles of the material and the spiritual. In these days when the Platonic philosophy is once more leavening common thought, it is well that we should know the origin of current ideas. Mr. Collins' sketch of Plato's life is delightful reading.

THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR.—I should be glad to know whether any of your readers could recommend a French family in France, to whom I could either take or send my son, a schoolboy of 14, during the Easter holidays. His knowledge of French is very limited; I should, therefore, prefer a place where there are no other English boarders. All particulars as to cost, food, teaching, and society, would be gratefully received by me.

Yours truly,
EMILY RICKETTS.

DEAR EDITOR,—I shall be so grateful to any readers of the *Parents' Review* who could kindly give me the names of some really useful books for a boy of twelve. Something in the style of *St. Winifred's*, by Dean Farrar. There are so many books of adventure, etc., but few describing any inspiring characters in every-day life (school-boy life for choice) which a boy might unconsciously copy through admiring them. My boy is especially impatient of any direct "preaching" in a book. I find so few books written in an interesting, stirring, manly way, such as boys admire,